

1840

Master Humphrey's Clock: Old Curiosity Shop: Part 17

Charles Dickens

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/oldcuriosity>

Recommended Citation

Dickens, Charles, "Master Humphrey's Clock: Old Curiosity Shop: Part 17" (1840). *Old Curiosity Shop*. 17.
<https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/oldcuriosity/17>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Novels at Digital WPI. It has been accepted for inclusion in Old Curiosity Shop by an authorized administrator of Digital WPI. For more information, please contact digitalwpi@wpi.edu.

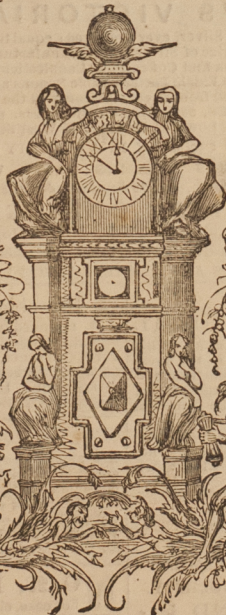


~~~~~  
SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1840. ~~~~~

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

G. CATTERMOLE AND H. K. BROWNE.



BRADBURY AND EVANS,

PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; J. FINLAY & Co., Glasgow; S. J. MACHEN & Co., Dublin; SIMMS & DINHAM, Manchester; WAREING WEBB, Liverpool; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; S. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIDLER, Bristol; T. N. MORTON, Boston; H. S. KING, Brighton; G. THOMPSON, Bury; E. JOHNSON, Cambridge; C. THURNAM, Carlisle; J. LEE, Cheltenham; EVANS & DUCKER, Chester; W. EDWARDS, Coventry; W. ROWBOTTOM, Derby; W. BYERS, Devonport; W. T. ROBERTS, Exeter; T. DAVIES, Gloucester; R. CUSSONS, Hull; HENRY SHALDERS, Ipswich; W. REEVE, Leamington; T. HARRISON, Leeds; J. R. SMITH, Lynn; J. SMITH, Maidstone; FINLAY & CHARLTON, Newcastle-on-Tyne; JARROLD & SON, Norwich; B. S. OLIVER, Nottingham; H. SLATTER, Oxford; P. R. DRUMMOND, Perth; E. NETTLETON, Plymouth; BRODIE & Co., Salisbury; JOHN INNOCENT, Sheffield; F. MAY, Taunton; A. DEIGHTON, Worcester; W. ALEXANDER, Yarmouth; J. SHILLITO, York; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.



# ADVERTISEMENTS.

## BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, No. 1, PRINCES STREET, BANK, LONDON. CAPITAL,—ONE MILLION.

**DIRECTORS.**  
 WILLIAM BARDGETT, Esq.      MILLIS COVENTRY, Esq.      PETER MORRISON, Esq.  
 SAMUEL BEVINGTON, Esq.      JOHN DREWETT, Esq.      WILLIAM SHAND, JUN., Esq.  
 WILLIAM FECHNEY BLACK, Esq.      ROBERT EGLINTON, Esq.      HENRY LEWIS SMALE, Esq.  
 JOHN BRIGHTMAN, Esq.      ERASMUS ROBERT FOSTER, Esq.      THOMAS TEED, Esq.  
 GEORGE COHEN, Esq.      ALEXANDER ROBERT IRVINE, Esq.

**MEDICAL OFFICERS.**  
 WILLIAM STROUD, M.D., Great Coram Street, Russell Square.      EBENEZER SMITH, Esq., Surgeon, Billiter Square.

**STANDING COUNSEL.**  
 The Hon. JOHN ASHLEY, New Square, Lincoln's Inn.      WILLIAM BEVAN, Esq., Old Jewry.

**BANKERS.**  
 Messrs. DREWETT and FOWLER, Princes Street, Bank.

### ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.

A most economical set of Tables—computed expressly for the use of this Institution, from authentic and complete data, and presenting the lowest rates of Assurance that can be offered without compromising the safety of the Institution.

Increasing Rates of Premium on a new and remarkable plan, for securing Loans or Debts; a less immediate payment being required on a Policy for the whole term of Life than in any other Office.

Premiums may be paid either Annually, Half-yearly, or Quarterly, in one sum, or in a limited number of payments.

A Board of Directors in attendance daily at Two o'Clock.

Age of the Assured in every case admitted in the Policy.

All claims payable within One Month after proof of death.

Medical Attendants remunerated, in all cases, for their reports.

| Age. | Premium per Cent, per Annum, payable during |                 |                 |                 |                    |
|------|---------------------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|
|      | 1st Five Years.                             | 2nd Five Years. | 3rd Five Years. | 4th Five Years. | Remainder of Life. |
|      | £ s. d.                                     | £ s. d.         | £ s. d.         | £ s. d.         | £ s. d.            |
| 20   | 1 1 4                                       | 1 5 10          | 1 10 11         | 1 16 9          | 2 3 8              |
| 30   | 1 6 4                                       | 1 12 2          | 1 19 1          | 2 7 4           | 2 17 6             |
| 40   | 1 16 1                                      | 2 4 4           | 2 14 6          | 3 7 3           | 4 3 4              |
| 50   | 2 16 7                                      | 3 9 4           | 4 5 5           | 5 6 3           | 6 13 7             |

A liberal Commission allowed to Solicitors and Agents.

PETER MORRISON, Resident Director.

### OF IMPORTANCE TO PERSONS FURNISHING, HOTEL & HOUSEKEEPERS GENERALLY, & TO PERSONS TRAVELLING OR GOING ABROAD.

IT IS A FACT WORTH KNOWING, THAT

#### RICHARDS'S VICTORIA SILVER

is the best, as well as the cheapest substitute for real Silver, ever produced; equal to it in everything but price, being in many articles, as SPOONS, FORKS, &c., less than one-eighth the price of Silver. It is manufactured into every useful article for the table—Waiters, Liqueur Stands, Cruet Frames, Dishes and Covers, Tea and Coffee Pots, Candlesticks, &c. &c. King's Pattern Tablespoons and Forks, 36s. to 48s. per doz.; Dessert ditto, 30s. to 40s.; plain Fiddle Pattern Table Spoons and Forks, 28s. to 36s.; Desserts, 16s. to 24s.; Tea, 10s. to 15s., &c. This article is not to be distinguished from silver, improves in the wear, and is easily kept clean.

BEAUTIFUL KING'S PATTERN TABLE KNIVES, 30s.; Dessert ditto, 24s. per dozen.

To be had only at RICHARDS'S REPOSITORY, Lowther House, 438, West Strand, and No. 1, corner of the Lowther Arcade.

SUPERIOR TABLE CUTLERY IN A VARIETY OF PATTERNS.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING CASES, WRITING DESKS, &c.

THE CELEBRATED CHINESE RAZORS, 5s. 6d. each, not to be equalled in the World!!! Also,

#### RICHARDS'S IMPERIAL CHINESE RAZOR STROP,

Adapted to any Razor, and quite equal, if not superior, to any Razor Strop extant.

N.B. The utmost value allowed for Diamonds, Pearls, Old Jewellery, Gold, Silver, or Fancy Goods in exchange, or otherwise.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY REPAIRED.

#### LUXURY IN SHAVING.

##### JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S AMBROSIAL

SHAVING CREAM, patronized by PRINCE ALBERT.—This inestimable Cream possesses all the good qualities of the finest Naples Soap, without the disagreeable smell inseparable from that article in a genuine state. It is of a white pearly appearance, produces a creamy lather, which will not dry on the face, and emits in use the delightful flavour of the almond.

Invented and prepared by her Majesty's Perfumers, JOHN GOSNELL and Co., successors to Price and Gosnell, at the original establishments, 160, Regent-street, and 12, Three King-court, Lombard-street.

#### CORNS AND BUNIONS.

PATRONISED  
ROYAL  
AND



BY THE  
FAMILY  
NOBILITY.

**PAUL'S EVERY MAN'S FRIEND** is a speedy and sure cure for those painful annoyances, without Cutting or Pain.

Prepared by John Fox, in boxes at 1s. 1½d. or three in one for 2s. 9d.; and to be had of C. King, 232, Blackfriars-road, and all wholesale and retail Medicine Venders in Town and Country. The genuine has the name of John Fox on the Stamp. A 2s. 9d. box cures the most obdurate Corns.

Ask for PAUL'S EVERY MAN'S FRIEND.

**ALL** objections to wearing Ornamental Hair removed in the recent Improvements effected by those celebrated Perruquiers, ROSS and SONS, 119, Bishopsgate-street.—Perukes, Fronts, Fillets, &c., made by them, are more light, cool, and agreeable, than the natural hair, and do not retain the perspiration. Likewise to be had of them the Union Hairbrush, their sole invention, which entirely supersedes the small-tooth comb.

#### FINE TEAS

Are at all times to be obtained at moderate rates, and in any quantity, from the CHINA TEA COMPANY, who, as the best possible security for quality, supply only the TWO BEST SORTS. Present prices of best Black Tea imported, 5s. 6d. per lb.; best Hyson Tea, 7s.—106, Newgate-street, corner of Christ's Hospital. West-end Branch, 315, Oxford-street.—Country agents appointed for the sale of these Teas in leaden packages. Direct post-paid.

#### NO. 28, BISHOPSGATE-ST. WITHIN.—

For ease, elegance, and comfort, COLLEY'S VENTILATING PERUKES stand pre-eminent. This extraordinary production is formed on a light elastic net, entirely open and porous, that freely admits the air to the skin, and allows the perspiration to evaporate. They are equally adapted to ladies' head-dresses, fronts, and ornamental hair generally, and are particularly desirable to those who feel annoyed by either the heat or pressure of the old system. Their extreme lightness and durability, and the tenacity with which they adhere to the head, render detection difficult, if not impossible, to the most scrutinizing eye.





## The Old Curiosity Shop.

### CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.



UPPER was not yet over, when there arrived at the Jolly Sandboys two more travellers bound for the same haven as the rest, who had been walking in the rain for some hours, and came in shining and heavy with water. One of these was the proprietor of a giant, and a little lady without legs or arms, who had jogged forward in a van; the other, a silent gentleman who earned his living by showing tricks upon the cards, and who had rather deranged the natural expression of his countenance by putting small leaden lozenges into his eyes and bringing them out at his mouth, which was one of his professional accomplishments. The name of the first of these new-comers was Vuffin; the other, probably as a pleasant satire upon his ugliness, was called Sweet William. To render them as comfortable as he could, the landlord bestirred himself nimbly, and in a very short time both gentlemen were perfectly at their ease.

"How's the Giant?" said Short, when they all sat smoking round the fire.



"Rather weak upon his legs," returned Mr. Vuffin. "I begin to be afraid he's going at the knees."

"That's a bad look-out," said Short.

"Aye! Bad indeed," replied Mr. Vuffin, contemplating the fire with a sigh. "Once get a giant shaky on his legs, and the public care no more about him than they do for a dead cabbage stalk."

"What becomes of the old giants?" said Short, turning to him again after a little reflection.

"They're usually kept in carawans to wait upon the dwarfs," said Mr. Vuffin.

"The maintaining of 'em must come expensive, when they can't be shown, eh?" remarked Short, eyeing him doubtfully.

"It's better that, than letting 'em go upon the parish or about the streets," said Mr. Vuffin. "Once make a giant common and giants will never draw again. Look at wooden legs. If there was only one man with a wooden leg what a property *he'd* be!"

"So he would!" observed the landlord and Short both together. "That's very true."

"Instead of which," pursued Mr. Vuffin, "if you was to advertise Shakespeare played entirely by wooden legs, it's my belief you wouldn't draw a sixpence."

"I don't suppose you would," said Short. And the landlord said so too.

"This shows you see," said Mr. Vuffin, waving his pipe with an argumentative air, "this shows the policy of keeping the used-up Giants still in the carawans, where they get food and lodging for nothing, all their lives, and in general very glad they are to stop there. There was one giant—a black 'un—as left his carawan some year ago and took to carrying coach-bills about London, making himself as cheap as crossing-sweepers. He died. I make no insinuation against anybody in particular," said Mr. Vuffin looking solemnly round, "but he was ruining the trade;—and he died."

The landlord drew his breath hard, and looked at the owner of the dogs, who nodded and said gruffly that *he* remembered.

"I know you do, Jerry," said Mr. Vuffin with profound meaning. "I know you remember it Jerry, and the universal opinion was, that it served him right. Why, I remember the time when old Maunders as had three-and-twenty wans—I remember the time when old Maunders had in his cottage in Spa Fields in the winter time when the season was over, eight male and female dwarfs setting down to dinner every day. who was waited on by eight old Giants in green coats, red smalls, blue cotton stockings, and high-lows: and there was one dwarf as had grown elderly and wicious who whenever his giant wasn't quick enough to please him, used to stick pins in his legs, not being able to reach up any higher. I know that's a fact, for Maunders told it me himself."

"What about the dwarfs, when *they* get old?" inquired the landlord.

"The older a dwarf is, the better worth he is," returned Mr. Vuffin; "a



grey-headed dwarf, well wrinkled, is beyond all suspicion. But a giant weak in the legs and not standing upright!—keep him in the caravan, but never show him, never show him, for any persuasion that can be offered.”

While Mr. Vuffin and his two friends smoked their pipes and beguiled the time with such conversation as this, the silent gentleman sat in a warm corner swallowing, or seeming to swallow, sixpennyworth of halfpence for practice, balancing a feather upon his nose, and rehearsing other feats of dexterity of that kind, without paying any regard whatever to the company, who in their turn left him utterly unnoticed. At length the weary child prevailed upon her grandfather to retire, and they withdrew, leaving the company yet seated round the fire, and the dogs fast asleep at a humble distance.

After bidding the old man good night, Nell retired to her poor garret, but had scarcely closed the door, when it was gently tapped at. She opened it directly, and was a little startled by the sight of Mr. Thomas Codlin, whom she had left, to all appearance, fast asleep down stairs.

“What is the matter?” said the child.

“Nothing’s the matter my dear” returned her visitor. “I’m your friend. Perhaps you haven’t thought so, but it’s me that’s your friend—not him.”

“Not who?” the child inquired.

“Short, my dear. I tell you what” said Codlin, “for all his having a kind of way with him that you’d be very apt to like, I’m the real, open-hearted man. I mayn’t look it, but I am indeed.”

The child began to be alarmed, considering that the ale had taken effect upon Mr. Codlin, and that this commendation of himself was the consequence.

“Short’s very well and seems kind” resumed the misanthrope, “but he overdoes it. Now I don’t.”

Certainly if there were any fault in Mr. Codlin’s usual deportment, it was that he rather underdid his kindness to those about him, than overdid it. But the child was puzzled and could not tell what to say.

“Take my advice,” said Codlin; “don’t ask me why, but take it. As long as you travel with us, keep as near me as you can. Don’t offer to leave us—not on any account—but always stick to me and say that I’m your friend. Will you bear that in mind my dear, and always say that it was me that was your friend?”

“Say so where,—and when?” inquired the child innocently.

“Oh, nowhere in particular” replied Codlin, a little put out as it seemed by the question; “I’m only anxious that you should think me so, and do me justice. You can’t think what an interest I have in you. Why didn’t you tell me your little history—that about you and the poor old gentleman? I’m the best adviser that ever was, and so interested in you—so much more interested than Short. I think they’re breaking up down stairs; you needn’t tell Short, you know, that we’ve had this little talk together. God bless you. Recollect the friend. Codlin’s the friend, not Short. Short’s very well as far as he goes, but the real friend is Codlin—not Short.”

Eking out these professions with a number of benevolent and protecting



looks and great fervor of manner, Thomas Codlin stole away on tiptoe, leaving the child in a state of extreme surprise. She was still ruminating upon his curious behaviour, when the floor of the crazy stairs and landing cracked beneath the tread of the other travellers who were passing to their beds. When they had all passed, and the sound of their footsteps had died away, one of them returned, and after a little hesitation and rustling in the passage, as if he were doubtful what door to knock at, knocked at hers.

"Yes?" said the child from within.

"It's me—Short"—a voice called through the keyhole. "I only wanted to say that we must be off early to-morrow morning my dear, because unless we get the start of the dogs and the conjuror, the villages won't be worth a penny. You'll be sure to be stirring early and go with us? I'll call you."

The child answered in the affirmative, and returning his "good night" heard him creep away. She felt some uneasiness at the anxiety of these men, increased by the recollection of their whispering together down stairs and their slight confusion when she awoke, nor was she quite free from a misgiving that they were not the fittest companions she could have stumbled on. Her uneasiness, however, was nothing, weighed against her fatigue; and she soon forgot it in sleep.

Very early next morning Short fulfilled his promise, and knocking softly at her door entreated that she would get up directly, as the proprietor of the dogs was still snoring, and if they lost no time they might get a good deal in advance both of him and the conjuror, who was talking in his sleep, and from what he could be heard to say, appeared to be balancing a donkey in his dreams. She started from her bed without delay, and roused the old man with so much expedition that they were both ready as soon as Short himself, to that gentleman's unspeakable gratification and relief.

After a very unceremonious and scrambling breakfast of which the staple commodities were bacon and bread, and beer, they took leave of the landlord and issued from the door of the Jolly Sandboys. The morning was fine and warm, the ground cool to the feet after the late rain, the hedges gayer and more green, the air clear, and everything fresh and healthful. Surrounded by these influences, they walked on pleasantly enough.

They had not gone very far, when the child was again struck by the altered behaviour of Mr. Thomas Codlin, who instead of plodding on sulkily by himself as he had theretofore done, kept close to her, and when he had an opportunity of looking at her unseen by his companion, warned her by certain wry faces and jerks of the head not to put any trust in Short, but to reserve all confidences for Codlin. Neither did he confine himself to looks and gestures, for when she and her grandfather were walking on beside the aforesaid Short, and that little man was talking with his accustomed cheerfulness on a variety of indifferent subjects, Thomas Codlin testified his jealousy and distrust by following close at her heels, and occasionally admonishing her ankles with the legs of the theatre in a very abrupt and painful manner.

All these proceedings naturally made the child more watchful and suspicious,



and she soon observed that whenever they halted to perform outside a village alehouse or other place, Mr. Codlin while he went through his share of the entertainments kept his eye steadily upon her and the old man, or with a show of great friendship and consideration invited the latter to lean upon his arm, and so held him tight until the representation was over and they again went forward. Even Short seemed to change in this respect, and to mingle with his good-nature something of a desire to keep them in safe custody. This increased the child's misgivings, and made her yet more anxious and uneasy.

Meanwhile, they were drawing near the town where the races were to begin next day; for, from passing numerous groups of gipsies and trampers on the road, wending their way towards it, and straggling out from every by-way and cross-country lane, they gradually fell into a stream of people, some walking by the side of covered carts, others with horses, others with donkeys, others toiling on with heavy loads upon their backs, but all tending to the same point. The public-houses by the way-side, from being empty and noiseless as those in the remoter parts had been, now sent out boisterous shouts and clouds of smoke; and, from the misty windows, clusters of broad red faces looked down upon the road. On every piece of waste or common ground, some small gambler drove his noisy trade, and bellowed to the idle passers-by to stop and try their chance; the crowd grew thicker and more noisy; gilt gingerbread in blanket-stalls exposed its glories to the dust; and often a four-horse carriage, dashing by, obscured all objects in the gritty cloud it raised, and left them, stunned and blinded, far behind.

It was dark before they reached the town itself, and long indeed the few last miles had been. Here all was tumult and confusion; the streets were filled with throngs of people—many strangers were there, it seemed, by the looks they cast about—the church-bells rang out their noisy peals, and flags streamed from windows and house-tops. In the large inn yards waiters flitted to and fro and ran against each other, horses clattered on the uneven stones, carriage steps fell rattling down, and sickening smells from many dinners came in a heavy lukewarm breath upon the sense. In the smaller public-houses fiddles with all their might and main were squeaking out the tune to staggering feet; drunken men oblivious of the burden of their song joined in a senseless howl, which drowned the tinkling of the feeble bell and made them savage for their drink; vagabond groups assembled round the doors to see the stroller woman dance, and add their uproar to the shrill flageolet and deafening drum.

Through this delirious scene the child, frightened and repelled by all she saw, led on her bewildered charge, clinging close to her conductor, and trembling lest in the press she should be separated from him and left to find her way alone. Quickening their steps to get clear of all the roar and riot, they at length passed through the town and made for the race-course, which was upon an open heath, situated on an eminence, a full mile distant from its furthest bounds.

Although there were many people here, none of the best favoured or best clad, busily erecting tents and driving stakes into the ground, and hurrying to and fro with dusty feet and many a grumbled oath—although there were tired



children cradled on heaps of straw between the wheels of carts, crying themselves to sleep—and poor lean horses and donkeys just turned loose, grazing among the men and women, and pots and kettles, and half-lighted fires, and ends of candles flaring and wasting in the air—for all this, the child felt it an escape from the town and drew her breath more freely. After a scanty supper, the purchase of which reduced her little stock so low, that she had only a few halfpence with which to buy a breakfast on the morrow, she and the old man lay down to rest in a corner of a tent, and slept, despite the busy preparations that were going on around them all night long.

And now they had come to the time when they must beg their bread. Soon after sunrise in the morning she stole out from the tent, and rambling into some fields at a short distance, plucked a few wild roses and such humble flowers, purposing to make them into little nosegays and offer them to the ladies in the carriages when the company arrived. Her thoughts were not idle while she was thus employed; when she returned and was seated beside the old man in one corner of the tent, tying her flowers together, while the two men lay dozing in another corner, she plucked him by the sleeve, and slightly glancing towards them, said in a low voice—

“Grandfather, don’t look at those I talk of, and don’t seem as if I spoke of anything but what I am about. What was that you told me before we left



the old house? That if they knew what we were going to do, they would say that you were mad, and part us?”

The old man turned to her with an aspect of wild terror; but she checked



him by a look, and bidding him hold some flowers while she tied them up, and so bringing her lips closer to his ear, said—

"I know that was what you told me. You needn't speak, dear. I recollect it very well. It was not likely that I should forget it. Grandfather, these men suspect that we have secretly left our friends, and mean to carry us before some gentleman and have us taken care of and sent back. If you let your hand tremble so, we can never get away from them, but if you're only quiet now, we shall do so, easily."

"How?" muttered the old man. "Dear Nelly, how? They will shut me up in a stone room, dark and cold, and chain me up to the wall, Nell—flog me with whips, and never let me see thee more!"

"You're trembling again," said the child. "Keep close to me all day. Never mind them, don't look at them, but me. I shall find a time when we can steal away. When I do, mind you come with me, and do not stop or speak a word. Hush! That's all."

"Halloa! what are you up to, my dear?" said Mr. Codlin, raising his head, and yawning. Then observing that his companion was fast asleep, he added in an earnest whisper, "Codlin's the friend, remember—not Short."

"Making some nosegays," the child replied; "I am going to try and sell some these three days of the races. Will you have one—as a present I mean?"

Mr. Codlin would have risen to receive it, but the child hurried towards him and placed it in his hand. He stuck it in his button-hole with an air of ineffable complacency for a misanthrope, and leering exultingly at the unconscious Short, muttered, as he laid himself down again, "Tom Codlin's the friend by G—!"

As the morning wore on, the tents assumed a gayer and more brilliant appearance, and long lines of carriages came rolling softly on the turf. Men who had lounged about all night in smock-frocks and leather leggings, came out in silken vests and hats and plumes, as jugglers or mountebanks; or in gorgeous liveries as soft-spoken servants at gambling booths; or in sturdy yeoman dress as decoys at unlawful games. Black-eyed gipsy girls hooded in showy handkerchiefs sallied forth to tell fortunes, and pale slender women with consumptive faces lingered upon the footsteps of ventriloquists and conjurors, and counted the sixpences with anxious eyes long before they were gained. As many of the children as could be kept within bounds, were stowed away, with all the other signs of dirt and poverty, among the donkeys, carts, and horses; and as many as could not be thus disposed of ran in and out in all intricate spots, crept between people's legs and carriage wheels, and came forth unharmed from under horses' hoofs. The dancing-dogs, the stilts, the little lady and the tall man, and all the other attractions, with organs out of number and bands innumerable, emerged from the holes and corners in which they had passed the night, and flourished boldly in the sun.

Along the uncleared course, Short led his party, sounding the brazen trumpet and revelling in the voice of Punch; and at his heels went Thomas Codlin, bear-



ing the show as usual, and keeping his eye on Nelly and her grandfather, as they rather lingered in the rear. The child bore upon her arm the little basket with her flowers, and sometimes stopped, with timid and modest looks, to offer them at some gay carriage; but alas! there were many bolder beggars there, gipsies who promised husbands, and other adepts in their trade, and although some ladies smiled gently as they shook their heads, and others cried to the gentlemen beside them "see, what a pretty face!" they let the pretty face pass on, and never thought that it looked tired or hungry.

There was but one lady who seemed to understand the child, and she was one who sat alone in a handsome carriage, while two young men in dashing clothes, who had just dismounted from it, talked and laughed loudly at a little distance, appearing to forget her, quite. There were many ladies all around, but they turned their backs, or looked another way, or at the two young men (not unfavourably at *them*), and left her to herself. She motioned away a gipsy-woman urgent to tell her fortune, saying that it was told already and had been for some years, but called the child towards her, and taking her flowers put money into her trembling hand, and bade her go home and keep at home for God's sake.

Many a time they went up and down those long long lines, seeing everything but the horses and the race; when the bell rung to clear the course, going back to rest among the carts and donkeys, and not coming out again until the heat was over. Many a time, too, was Punch displayed in the full zenith of his humour, but all this while the eye of Thomas Codlin was upon them, and to escape without notice was impracticable.

At length, late in the day, Mr. Codlin pitched the show in a convenient spot, and the spectators were soon in the very triumph of the scene. The child, sitting down with the old man close behind it, had been thinking how strange it was that horses who were such fine honest creatures should seem to make vagabonds of all the men they drew about them, when a loud laugh at some extemporaneous witticism of Mr. Short's, having allusion to the circumstances of the day, roused her from her meditation and caused her to look around.

If they were ever to get away unseen, that was the very moment. Short was plying the quarter-staves vigorously and knocking the characters in the fury of the combat against the sides of the show, the people were looking on with laughing faces, and Mr. Codlin had relaxed into a grim smile as his roving eye detected hands going into waistcoat pockets and groping secretly for sixpences. If they were ever to get away unseen, that was the very moment. They seized it, and fled.

They made a path through booths and carriages and throngs of people, and never once stopped to look behind. The bell was ringing and the course was cleared by the time they reached the ropes, but they dashed across it insensible to the shouts and screeching that assailed them for breaking in upon its sanctity, and creeping under the brow of the hill at a quick pace, made for the open fields.



## CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

Day after day as he bent his steps homeward, returning from some new effort to procure employment, Kit raised his eyes to the window of the little room he had so much commended to the child, and hoped to see some indication of her presence. His own earnest wish, coupled with the assurance he had received from Quilp, filled him with the belief that she would yet arrive to claim the humble shelter he had offered, and from the death of each day's hope, another hope sprung up to live to-morrow.

"I think they must certainly come to-morrow, eh mother?" said Kit, laying aside his hat with a weary air and sighing as he spoke. "They have been gone a week. They surely couldn't stop away more than a week, could they now?"

The mother shook her head, and reminded him how often he had been disappointed already.

"For the matter of that," said Kit, "you speak true and sensible enough, as you always do, mother. Still, I do consider that a week is quite long enough for 'em to be rambling about; don't you say so?"

"Quite long enough, Kit, longer than enough, but they may not come back for all that."

Kit was for a moment disposed to be vexed by this contradiction, and not the less so from having anticipated it in his own mind and knowing how just it was. But the impulse was only momentary, and the vexed look became a kind one before it had crossed the room.

"Then what do you think, mother, has become of 'em? You don't think they've gone to sea, anyhow?"

"Not gone for sailors, certainly," returned the mother with a smile. "But I can't help thinking that they have gone to some foreign country."

"I say," cried Kit with a rueful face, "don't talk like that, mother."

"I am afraid they have, and that's the truth," she said. "It's the talk of all the neighbours, and there are some even that know of their having been seen on board ship, and can tell you the name of the place they've gone to, which is more than I can, my dear, for it's a very hard one."

"I don't believe it," said Kit. "Not a word of it. A set of idle chatter-boxes, how should they know!"

"They may be wrong of course," returned the mother; "I can't tell about that, though I don't think it's at all unlikely that they're in the right, for the talk is that the old gentleman had put by a little money that nobody knew of, not even that ugly little man you talk to me about—what's his name—Quilp; and that he and Miss Nell have gone to live abroad where it can't be taken from them, and they will never be disturbed. That don't seem very far out of the way now, do it?"



Kit scratched his head mournfully, in reluctant admission that it did not, and clambering up to the old nail took down the cage and set himself to clean it and to feed the bird. His thoughts reverting from this occupation to the little old gentleman who had given him the shilling, he suddenly recollected that that was the very day—nay, nearly the very hour—at which the little old gentleman had said he should be at the notary's house again. He no sooner remembered this, than he hung up the cage with great precipitation, and hastily explaining the nature of his errand, went off at full speed to the appointed place.

It was some two minutes after the time when he reached the spot, which was a considerable distance from his home, but by great good luck the little old gentleman had not yet arrived; at least there was no pony-chaise to be seen, and it was not likely that he had come and gone again in so short a space. Greatly relieved to find that he was not too late, Kit leant against a lamp-post to take breath, and waited the advent of the pony and his charge.

Sure enough, before long the pony came trotting round the corner of the street, looking as obstinate as pony might, and picking his steps as if he were spying about for the cleanest places, and would by no means dirty his feet or hurry himself inconveniently. Behind the pony sat the little old gentleman, and by the old gentleman's side sat the little old lady, carrying just such a nosegay as she had brought before.

The old gentleman, the old lady, the pony, and the chaise, came up the street in perfect unanimity, until they arrived within some half a dozen doors of the notary's house, when the pony, deceived by a brass-plate beneath a tailor's knocker, came to a halt, and maintained by a sturdy silence, that that was the house they wanted.

"Now, sir, will you have the goodness to go on; this is *not* the place," said the old gentleman.

The pony looked with great attention into a fire-plug which was near him, and appeared to be quite absorbed in contemplating it.

"Oh dear, such a naughty Whisker!" cried the old lady. "After being so good too, and coming along so well! I am quite ashamed of him. I don't know what we are to do with him, I really don't."

The pony having thoroughly satisfied himself as to the nature and properties of the fire-plug, looked into the air after his old enemies the flies, and as there happened to be one of them tickling his ear at that moment he shook his head and whisked his tail, after which he appeared full of thought but quite comfortable and collected. The old gentleman having exhausted his powers of persuasion, alighted to lead him, whereupon the pony, perhaps because he held this to be a sufficient concession, perhaps because he happened to catch sight of the other brass-plate, or perhaps because he was in a spiteful humour, darted off with the old lady and stopped at the right house, leaving the old gentleman to come panting on behind.



It was then that Kit presented himself at the pony's head, and touched his hat with a smile.

"Why, bless me," cried the old gentleman, "the lad is here! My dear, do you see?"

"I said I'd be here, sir," said Kit, patting Whisker's neck. "I hope you've had a pleasant ride, sir. He's a very nice little pony."

"My dear," said the old gentleman. "This is an uncommon lad; a good lad, I'm sure."

"I am sure he is," rejoined the old lady. "A very good lad, and I am sure he is a good son."

Kit acknowledged these expressions of confidence by touching his hat again and blushing very much. The old gentleman then handed the old lady out, and after looking at him with an approving smile they went into the house—talking about him as they went, Kit could not help feeling. Presently Mr. Witherden, smelling very hard at the nosegay, came to the window and looked at him, and after that Mr. Abel came and looked at him, and after that the old gentleman and lady came and looked at him again, and after that they all came and looked at him together, which Kit, feeling very much embarrassed by, made a pretence of not observing. Therefore he patted the pony more and more; and this liberty the pony most handsomely permitted.

The faces had not disappeared from the window many moments, when Mr. Chuckster in his official coat, and with his hat hanging on his head just as it had happened to fall from its peg, appeared upon the pavement, and telling him he was wanted inside, bade him go in and he would mind the chaise the while. In giving him this direction Mr. Chuckster remarked that he wished he might be blessed if he could make out whether he (Kit) was "precious raw" or "precious deep," but intimidated by a distrustful shake of the head, that he inclined to the latter opinion.

Kit entered the office in a great tremor, for he was not used to going among strange ladies and gentlemen, and the tin boxes and bundles of dusty papers had in his eyes an awful and venerable air. Mr. Witherden too was a bustling gentleman who talked loud and fast, and all eyes were upon him, and he was very shabby.

"Well boy," said Mr. Witherden, "you came to work out that shilling;—not to get another, hey?"

"No indeed sir," replied Kit, taking courage to look up. "I never thought of such a thing."

"Father alive?" said the notary.

"Dead sir."

"Mother?"

"Yes sir."

"Married again—eh?"

Kit made answer, not without some indignation, that she was a widow



with three children, and that as to her marrying again, if the gentleman knew her he wouldn't think of such a thing. At this reply Mr. Witherden buried his nose in the flowers again, and whispered behind the nosegay to the old gentleman that he believed the lad was as honest a lad as need be.

"Now," said Mr. Garland when they had made some further inquiries of him, "I am not going to give you anything—"

"Thank you sir," Kit replied; and quite seriously too, for this announcement seemed to free him from the suspicion which the notary had hinted.

"—But," resumed the old gentleman, "perhaps I may want to know something more about you, so tell me where you live and I'll put it down in my pocket-book."

Kit told him, and the old gentleman wrote down the address with his pencil. He had scarcely done so, when there was a great uproar in the street, and the old lady hurrying to the window cried that Whisker had run away, upon which Kit darted out to the rescue, and the others followed.

It seemed that Mr. Chuckster had been standing with his hands in his pockets looking carelessly at the pony, and occasionally insulting him with such admonitions as "Stand still,"—"Be quiet,"—"Woa-a-a," and the like, which by a pony of spirit cannot be borne. Consequently, the pony being deterred by no considerations of duty or obedience, and not having before him the slightest fear of the human eye, had at length started off, and was at that moment rattling down the street,—Mr. Chuckster, with his hat off and a pen behind his ear, hanging on in the rear of the chaise and making futile attempts to draw it the other way, to the unspeakable admiration of all beholders. Even in running away, however, Whisker was perverse, for he had not gone very far when he suddenly stopped, and before assistance could be rendered, commenced backing at nearly as quick a pace as he had gone forward. By these means Mr. Chuckster was pushed and hustled to the office again, in a most inglorious manner, and arrived in a state of great exhaustion and discomfiture.

The old lady then stepped into her seat, and Mr. Abel (whom they had come to fetch) into his. The old gentleman, after reasoning with the pony on the extreme impropriety of his conduct, and making the best amends in his power to Mr. Chuckster, took his place also, and they drove away, waving a farewell to the notary and his clerk, and more than once turning to nod kindly to Kit as he watched them from the road.



# ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THO<sup>S</sup> HARRIS & SON'S



### Improved Achromatic Telescopes.

Warranted unequalled by any other house at the prices. On receiving a remittance a telescope will be sent, carriage free, to any part of the kingdom, and exchanged if not approved. No tourist or seaside visitor should be without one.

A pocket telescope to show objects 8 miles off £0 18 0  
A pocket telescope to show objects 12 miles off 1 10 0  
A pocket telescope to show objects 16 miles off 2 2 0  
A pocket telescope to show objects 20 miles off 4 0 0  
Thos. Harris & Son, Opticians, No. 52, opposite the British Museum, London, established 60 years. Recollect, not related to, nor connected with, a house of the same name.

## TO THE LADIES.

PATRONISED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

**PRICE & Co.'s ABERNETHY'S SPECIFIC,** for rendering the Skin soft, smooth, and beautiful; removing freckles, morpews, &c. Recommended for the hands and arms, bestowing on them a delicacy and whiteness unrivalled. In bottles, with Testimonials, price 4s. 6d.

Sold in London only by her Majesty's Perfumers, PRICE & Co., MONTPELLIER HOUSE, 28, LOMBARD STREET; and the West-end Depôts, 9, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square; 4, Arabella-row, and 25, Victoria-road, near Her Majesty's Palace.

## GRACE'S AROMATIC TOOTH POWDER.

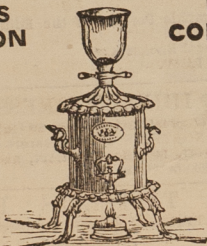
**THIS Powder** will be found not only useful in cleaning the Teeth, and restoring their colour, but also in strengthening their roots and nerves, and in curing diseased and weakly Gums. It contains nothing that has a tendency to destroy the enamel or otherwise to injure the Teeth; on the contrary, all its ingredients are so combined as to preserve them from premature decay, and to sweeten the breath.

Prepared and sold in boxes at 1s. 6d. each by J. F. GRACE, Chemist, &c., 8, London-street, Fitzroy-square, London; to be had also of most respectable Chemists & Patent Medicine Vendors. **\*Caution.\***—None are genuine unless signed by the Proprietor, J. F. GRACE, on a piece of paper affixed round the box.

## PLATOW'S AUTOMATON

Made without trouble.

Produces strong, clear, and Aromatic Coffee, by a beautiful scientific process, that



## PATENT COFFEE URN.

Drunk without regret.

saves all trouble and presents a source of daily amusement while, from its Cheapness,

this Invention may be used by all Classes, and will prove a powerful auxiliary to the cause of Temperance. Sold by all Ironmongers.

**GAS!** used with Safety, Comfort, and Economy. The Patent Moderator entirely prevents escape, smoke, and dangerous fluctuations in Gas flames. The Patent Double Cone Burner not only saves Gas, but renders the light of Gas as mild and free from glare as that of Oil. Improved Gas fittings of all kinds. **PLATOW AND CO., 40, Hatton Garden.**

## CAUTION.—MECHI'S DRESSING-CASES, &c.

The extraordinary success of Mech's New Patterns in Portable Dressing Cases, and the facility of obtaining a copy of them when exposed in his window, has induced several unprincipled persons to make a miserable imitation of them, advertising them at prices somewhat cheaper than his, but with Instruments, Razors, &c., perfectly unfit for use. To prevent disappointment, the public are requested not to purchase as Mech's any articles that have not his name and address, No. 4, Leadenhall-street, distinctly marked not only on the case, but on each separate article.

Mech warrants every thing he sells, and will either exchange, or return the money for any article not approved. Let the public apply the same test to those houses who advertise Dressing Cases complete at 10s. 6d., and they will speedily find them wanting.

Mech manufactures on his own premises, No. 4, Leadenhall-street, a splendid variety of Portable Desks in leather and wood, Dressing-Cases, Work-Boxes, Envelope Cases, Tea-Caddies, Bagatelle-Tables, Backgammon Boards, Ivory Chessmen, Show-Boards, Tea-Trays, Table Cutlery, Dessert Sets, &c.

Mech's celebrated Strops and Paste are sold by most perfumers, cutlers, &c., throughout the kingdom.

Principal agents—Powell, Leeds; Stears, Leeds; Stephenson, Hull; Hart, Cambridge; Spiers and Son, Oxford; Jolley and Son, Bath; Brunton and Williams, Merchant's Quay, Dublin; Theodor Hopff, Hamburg; Bates, Dover; Isaacs, Chatham; Steel, Norwich; Hughes, Manchester, &c. &c.

TRY **MECHI'S Magic STROP.**

## "O GOD, PRESERVE THE QUEEN!"

A National Song of Thanksgiving, written by C. JEFFERYS, and set to music by S. NELSON.

"This appropriate publication is got up in the best possible manner; the words and music are excellent, and the title-page is adorned by exquisite Portraits of her Majesty and the Prince at the moment the traitorous attempt was made upon their lives." Jefferys & Co., 21, Soho-square; and Frith-street, Soho.

## TO LAW STUDENTS.

This day is published, EIGHTH EDITION, with Tables of Descent and Consanguinity, price 5s. 6d. boards,

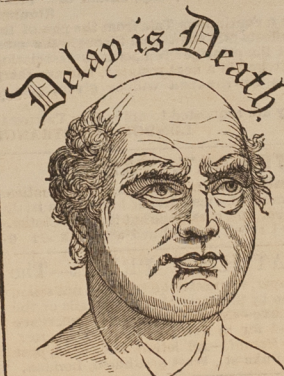
**A LAW GRAMMAR: or RUDIMENTS of the LAW.** By GILES JACOB. Eighth Edition, greatly enlarged and carefully revised. By JOHN HARGRAVE, Esq., of the Inner Temple.—London: William Crofts, 19, Chancery-lane.

## VENTILATING WATERPROOF CLOTHING.

SPORTSMEN, TRAVELLERS, and all who are exposed to the rain, are invited to make trial of Berdoo's much-approved **LIGHT WATERPROOF FROCKS, SHOOTING JACKETS, &c.**, which, while thoroughly impervious to the rain, allow the free escape of perspiration. First-rate Clothing of every description made to order, and waterproofed without confining perspiration, or imparting any objectionable property whatever. Also, the **NEW LIGHT SUMMER COAT**, a real luxury for the warm weather.

WALTER BERDOE, TAILOR, 69, CORNHILL (North side).

**H. WALKER'S NEEDLES,** by authority, "THE QUEEN'S OWN," with the New Eyes of increased size, and improved points, are now in course of delivery to the trade: they are easily threaded, work with great freedom, and are very durable. The new beautiful set of designs of her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert in very bold relief, on a variety of colours, by the first artist of the day. The style is truly novel, extremely elegant, and very generally admired.—H. WALKER, 20, Maiden-lane, Wood-street.



## DR. PERRENGTON'S ANTI-APOPLETIC AND HEAD PILL.

The greatest discovery in the annals of Medicine. A cure for Apoplexy, Head-ach, & all Diseases caused by Impurity of Blood.

Sold at the Central Depot, 44, Gerard-street.

N.B. Dr. P.'s Tonic Aperient Liqueur for Indigestion, Debility, Bilious, Liver, and Stomach Complaints, is sold by every respectable Chemist and Medicine Vendor in the Kingdom.

## BEAUFOY & CO., SOUTH LAMBETH, LONDON.



## BEAUFOY'S INSTANT CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

THE GENUINE PACKAGES CONTAIN A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ABOVE VIGNETTE.

Sold by most respectable Druggists, with ample Directions for Use, in Bottles, price 1s. 1d. each, Stamp included.

BEAUFOY AND CO., SOUTH LAMBETH, LONDON.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

COOKE'S TOPOGRAPHICAL LIBRARY,

OR  
BRITISH TRAVELLER'S POCKET COUNTY DIRECTORY;  
CONTAINING

AN ACCURATE AND COMPREHENSIVE TOPOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL DESCRIPTION OF ALL THE COUNTIES IN  
**ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.**

The Work is highly Illustrated with a complete Series of COUNTY MAPS, accurately COLOURED, and Embellished with upwards of Three Hundred Picturesque VIEWS OF TOWNS, CASTLES, CHURCHES, CATHEDRALS, NATURAL CURIOSITIES, NOBLEMEN'S and GENTLEMEN'S SEATS, DRUIDICAL REMAINS, &c. &c.

To each County is prefixed a LIST of the MARKETS and FAIRS, an INDEX, showing the DISTANCE of every TOWN FROM LONDON, and of Towns from each other; also a Copious TRAVELLING COUNTY GUIDE, describing all the Roads, Inns, Distances of Stages, Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats, &c., forming

**A COMPLETE COUNTY ITINERARY.**

The Plan of this Work has received particular approbation, from its being divided into EASY JOURNEYS: by which means, Persons, either Riding or on Foot, have the opportunity of viewing many beauties which otherwise might be missed; and to Frequenters of the various Watering Places, it will be found a most agreeable GUIDE and COMPANION.

The Parts vary in price according to the size of the County, none of them exceeding 4s.; any of which may be had separately, viz.

| s. d.                         | s. d.                                          | s. d.                             | s. d.                            |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Bedfordshire . . . . . 2 0    | Essex . . . . . 2 0                            | Middlesex . . . . . 4 0           | South Wales . . . . . 2 6        |
| Berkshire . . . . . 2 6       | Gloucestershire . . . . . 2 0                  | Monmouthshire . . . . . 2 0       | Staffordshire . . . . . 2 0      |
| Buckinghamshire . . . . . 2 0 | Hampshire . . . . . 2 0                        | Norfolk . . . . . 2 0             | Suffolk . . . . . 2 0            |
| Cambridgeshire . . . . . 2 0  | Herefordshire . . . . . 2 0                    | Northamptonshire . . . . . 2 0    | Surrey . . . . . 2 0             |
| Cheshire . . . . . 2 6        | Hertfordshire . . . . . 2 0                    | North Wales . . . . . 2 6         | Sussex . . . . . 2 0             |
| Cornwall . . . . . 4 0        | Huntingdonshire and Rutlandshire . . . . . 2 0 | Northumberland . . . . . 2 0      | Warwickshire . . . . . 2 0       |
| Cumberland . . . . . 4 0      | Kent . . . . . 4 0                             | Nottinghamshire . . . . . 2 0     | Westmoreland . . . . . 2 0       |
| Derbyshire . . . . . 2 0      | Lancashire . . . . . 4 0                       | Oxfordshire . . . . . 2 0         | Wiltshire . . . . . 2 0          |
| Devonshire . . . . . 4 0      | Leicestershire . . . . . 2 0                   | Scotland (6 parts) . . . . . 12 0 | Worcestershire . . . . . 2 0     |
| Dorsetshire . . . . . 2 0     | Lincolnshire . . . . . 2 0                     | Shropshire . . . . . 2 0          | Yorkshire . . . . . 4 0          |
| Durham . . . . . 2 0          |                                                | Somersetshire . . . . . 2 6       | Isles of, Wight, &c. . . . . 2 0 |

Lakes of Cumberland 2s. 6d.—London 4s.  
The division of the Work into separate Counties, affords great accommodation to the Public, in selecting such portions as may be wished; thus the Western Circuit of England comprehends CORNWALL, DEVON, DORSET, SOMERSET, WILTS, and HANTS, and forms Four interesting Volumes. The other Five Circuits of the Judges may be selected and bound up in the like manner, at the option of the purchaser.

LONDON: SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Now publishing, price 2d., a New Weekly Journal, uniform with "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," entitled,

**THE TEETOTALER;**

Edited by GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, Esq., author of "Pickwick Abroad," "The Modern Literature of France," "Alfred de Rosann," &c. &c.

This publication contains a continuous Tale from the pen of the Editor, entitled "The Drunkard's Progress." It also endeavours to inculcate the beneficial effects of Teetotalism through the medium of amusing Tales, Anecdotes, &c. &c. Elaborate Reports are given of the transactions of the principal Temperance Associations in the British dominions.

The Monthly Parts are stitched in a neat wrapper, and are charged Ninepence. With Number IV. of THE TEETOTALER will be given, gratis, a splendid lithographic Portrait of the Editor, George W. M. Reynolds, Esq.

Subscribers in the country are requested to order THE TEETOTALER through their local Booksellers.

LONDON: W. STRANGE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

**CHARLES STEWART, TAILOR,**

58, Paul's Churchyard, in submitting his establishment to the notice of the public, assures gentlemen who may favour him with a trial, that he employs first-rate talent and uses none but the best Cloths. Dress Coats . . . £3 10 | Frock Coats, lined with Silk £4 0

**NEWSPAPERS AT HALF PRICE.**—The COURIER Evening Paper, warranted quite clean, not soiled at all, forwarded from London by the early Morning Mails or the Twopenny Post free. The above—Credit Price 1l., with reference for payment in town; if paid for in advance 14s. per Quarter. Also the Times and Morning Herald.—All letters addressed, post paid, to POLLARD & SON, 17, Duke-st., West Smithfield, London.

**P. & A. RIDING & DRESS CANES** in great variety, from 20 Guineas to 5 Shillings each, at W. & J. SANGSTER'S, Manufacturers by appointment to H. R. H. Prince Albert, 140, Regent-street, and 94, Fleet-street. Wholesale and for Exportation.

**LAMING'S TASTELESS EFFERVES-** CING CHELTENHAM SALTS are used by many of the Faculty as the safest and best aperient in existence. "I do strongly recommend them as including the best circumstances attaching to the Cheltenham Water."—Dr. Birkbeck. Sold in bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s., and 10s., by R. E. DEAR, 69, Bishopsgate, and all Chemists.



Manufactured from an original Recipe, and combining all the crispness and favour peculiar to these delicious biscuits, without that extreme hardness so generally complained of. W. HILL, respectfully solicits a trial, feeling confident that their quality fully justifies his strongest recommendation. Sold in Tin Cases, at 2s. each.

**ISLE OF WIGHT CRACKNELLS,**  
Also, the Celebrated  
So much used and approved of for Coffee, Ices, or Dessert.

W. HILL earnestly recommends to Mothers and Nurses his  
**Prepared Biscuit Powder,**

For making superior Infant's Food. This preparation is made from the finest Biscuits, and so carefully prepared, that it will retain its quality (if kept dry) in any climate and for any period of time. Sold in 1 lb. Packages, at 10d. each.

**HILL'S GENUINE BROWN BREAD,**

Prescribed as an article of Diet, by the most eminent physicians, to persons of delicate appetite, or weak digestion. This description of Bread differs from most others, being made on the same principle as the "bread made bread," and possessing that peculiarly sweet and fine flavour which so eminently distinguishes Country Bread.

**W. HILL, BREAD AND BISCUIT BAKER,**  
60 & 61, BISHOPSGATE STREET, LONDON.

Biscuits for Exportation, warranted to retain their quality (if kept dry) for Two years.

COUNTRY ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON.